



# The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE  
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AND  
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## SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, seduced at Yale, loses a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is discovered by his father. He goes out of work and in desperate straits. Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's step-mother, Alida, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Taking advantage of his intimacy with Alida, he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character, Alida denies him the house. He sends her a note threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he acted as commissionaire, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard kills his apartments in an intoxicated condition to request a loan of \$2,000 to enable him to take up a business proposition. Howard drinks himself into a stupor and is found by a maid. A caller is announced and Underwood draws a screen around the drunken sleeper. Alida enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will not take his life. He refuses unless she will crown her patronage. This she refuses, and takes her leave. Underwood kills himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He finds Underwood dead. Howard is turned over to the police. Capt. Clinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the third degree, and finally gets an alleged confession from the harassed man. Annie, Howard's wife, declares her belief in her husband's innocence, and calls on Jeffries. He refuses to help unless she will consent to a divorce. To save Howard she consents, but when she finds that the elder Jeffries does not intend to stand by his son, except financially, she renounces his help. Annie appeals to Judge Brewster, attorney for Jeffries, Sr., to take Howard's case. He declines. It is reported that Annie is going on the stage. The banker and his wife call on Judge Brewster to find some way to prevent it. Annie again pleads with Brewster to defend Howard. He consents. Alida is greatly agitated when she learns that Brewster has taken the case and that Jeffries are looking for the woman who called on Underwood the night of his death.

## CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"That's our object, isn't it, Mr. Jeffries—to find out?" he said sarcastically.

"What's the name of this mysterious witness?" exclaimed the banker testily. "If the police haven't been able to find her why should Howard's wife be able to do so? There was a report that she herself was—?" He paused and added, "Did she tell you who it was?"

"No," said the judge dryly, "she will tell us to-night."

The banker bounded in his seat. "You'll see," he cried. "Another flash in the pan. I don't like being mixed up in this matter—it's disagreeable—most disagreeable."

Dr. Bernstein puffed a thick cloud of smoke into the air and said quietly: "Yes, sir; it is disagreeable—but unfortunately it is life."

Suddenly the door opened and Capt. Clinton appeared, followed by his Idus Achates, Detective Sergeant Maloney. Both men were in plain clothes. The captain's manner was condescendingly polite, the attitude of a man so sure of his own position that he had little respect for the opinion of any one else. With an effort at amiability he began:

"Got your message, Judge—came as soon as I could. Excuse my bringing the sergeant with me. Sit over there, Maloney." Half apologetically, he added "He keeps his eyes open and his mouth shut, so he won't interfere. How do, doctor?"

Maloney took a position at the far end of the room, while Dr. Bernstein introduced the captain to Mr. Jeffries.

"Yes, I know the gentleman. How do, sir?"

The banker nodded stiffly. He did not relish having to hobnob in this way with such a vulgarian as a grafting police captain. Capt. Clinton turned to Judge Brewster.

"Now, Judge, explode your bomb! But I warn you I've made up my mind."

"I've made up my mind, too," retorted the judge, "so at least we start even."

"Yes," growled the other.

"As I stated in my letter, captain," went on the judge coolly, "I don't want to use your own methods in this matter. I don't want to spread reports about you, or accuse you in the papers. That's why I asked you to come over and discuss the matter informally with me. I want to give you a chance to change your attitude."

"Don't want any chance," growled the policeman.

"You mean," said the judge, peering at his vis a vis over his spectacles, "that you don't want to change your attitude?"

Capt. Clinton settled himself more firmly in his chair, as if getting ready for hostilities. Definitely he replied:

"That's about what I mean, I suppose."

"In other words," went on Judge Brewster calmly, "you have found this—this boy guilty and you refuse to consider evidence which may tend to prove otherwise."

"That's my business to consider evidence," snapped the chief. "That's up to the prosecuting attorney."

"It will be," replied the lawyer sharply, "but at present it's up to you."

"Me?" exclaimed the other in genuine surprise.



## "You Have Blemished Her Character with Stories of Scandal."

"Yes," went on Judge Brewster calmly, "you were instrumental in obtaining a confession from him. I'm raising a question as to the truth of that confession."

There was a sudden interruption caused by the entrance of the butler, who approached his master and whispered something to him. Aloud the judge said:

"Ask her to wait till we are ready." The servant retired and Capt. Clinton turned to the judge. With mock deference, he said:

"Say, Mr. Brewster, you're a great constitutional lawyer—the greatest in this country—and I take off my hat to you, but I don't think criminal law is in your line."

Judge Brewster pursed his lips and his eyes flashed as he retorted quickly:

"I don't think it's constitutional to take a man's mind away from him and substitute your own, Capt. Clinton."

"What do you mean?" demanded the chief.

"I mean that instead of bringing out of this man his own true thoughts of innocence, you have forced into his consciousness your own false thoughts of his guilt."

The judge spoke slowly and deliberately, making each word tell. The police bully squirmed uneasily on his chair.

"I don't follow you, Judge. Better stick to international law. This police court work is beneath you."

"Perhaps it is," replied the lawyer quickly without losing his temper. Then he asked: "Captain, will you answer a few questions?"

"It all depends," replied the other insolently.

"If you don't," cried the judge sharply, "I'll ask them through the medium of your own weapon—the press. Only my press will not consist of the one or two yellow journals you inspire, but the independent, dignified press of the United States."

The captain reddened.

"I don't like the insinuation, Judge."

"I don't insinuate, Capt. Clinton," went on the lawyer severely, "I accuse you of giving an untruthful version of this matter to two sensational newspapers in this city. These scurrilous sheets have tried this young man in their columns and found him guilty, thus prejudicing the whole community against him before he comes to trial. In no other country in the civilized world would this be tolerated, except in a country overburdened with freedom."

Capt. Clinton laughed hoarsely.

"The early bird catches the worm," he grinned. "They asked me for information and got it."

Judge Brewster went on:

"You have so prejudiced the community against him that there is scarcely a man who doesn't believe him guilty. If this matter ever comes to trial how can we pick an unprejudiced jury? Added to this foul influence you have branded this young man's wife with every stigma that can be put on womanhood. You have hinted that she is the mysterious female who visited Underwood on the night of the shooting and openly suggested that she is the cause of the crime."

"Well, it's just possible," said the policeman with effrontery.

Judge Brewster was fast losing his temper. The man's insolent demeanor was intolerable. Half rising from

his chair and pointing his finger at him, he continued:

"You have blemished her character with stories of scandal. You have linked her name with that of Underwood. The whole country rings with faillites about her. In my opinion, Capt. Clinton, your direct object is to destroy the value of any evidence she may give in her husband's favor."

The chief looked aggrieved.

"Why, I haven't said a word," turning to his sergeant, he asked: "Have I, Maloney?"

"But these sensation-mongers have!" cried the judge angrily. "You are the only source from whom they could obtain the information."

"But what do I gain?" demanded the captain with affected innocence.

"Advertisement—promotion," replied the judge sternly. "These same papers speak of you as the greatest living chief—the greatest public official—oh, you know the political value of that sort of thing as well as I do."

Judge Brewster picked up some papers from his desk and read from one of them.

"Captain, in the case of the People against Creodon—after plying the defendant with questions for six hours you obtained a confession from him?"

"Yes, he told me he set the place on fire."

"Exactly—but it afterward developed that he was never near the place."

"Well, he told me."

"Yes. He told you, but it turned out that he was mistaken."

"Yes," admitted the captain reluctantly.

Judge Brewster again consulted the papers in his hand.

"You're quite right, captain—my mistake—it was homicide, but—it was an untrue confession."

"Yes."

"It was the same thing in the Callahan case," went on the judge, picking up another document. "In the case of the People against Tutthill—and Cosgrove—Tutthill confessed and died in prison, and Cosgrove afterward acknowledged that he and not Tutthill was the guilty man."

"Well," growled the captain, "mistakes sometimes happen."

Judge Brewster stopped and laid down his eyeglasses.

"Ah, that is precisely the point of view we take in this matter! Now, captain, in the present case, on the night of the confession did you show young Mr. Jeffries the pistol with which he was supposed to have shot Robert Underwood?"

Capt. Clinton screwed up his eyes, as if thinking hard. Then, turning to his sergeant, he said:

"Yes, I think I did. Didn't I, Maloney?"

"Your word is sufficient," said the judge quickly. "You hold it up?"

"Think I did."

"Do you know if there was a light shining on it?" asked the judge quickly.

"Don't know—might have been," replied the chief carelessly.

"Were there electric lights on the wall?"

"Yes."

"What difference does that make?" demanded the policeman.

"Quite a little," replied the judge quietly. "The barrel of the revolver was bright—shining steel. From the moment that Howard Jeffries' eyes rested on the shining steel barrel of



## JEREMIAH CAST INTO PRISON

Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 28, 1911  
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Jeremiah 37.  
MEMORY VERSE.—Isaiah 43:2.  
GOLDEN TEXT.—"Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake."—Matt. 5:11.  
TIME of this lesson was B. C. 588-587, 18 years after our last lesson during the last siege of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, from the 9th to the 11th year of Zedekiah's reign.

Jerusalem, surrounded by the besieging armies of the Chaldeans, and suffering from famine and pestilence (Jer. 34:2).

Jeremiah had prophesied nearly 40 years (about 628) and was a prematurely old man.

Zedekiah was the last king of Judah, reigning 11 years.

Nebuchadnezzar, 18th and 19th year of his reign.

Jehoiakim reigned six years after he had burned the roll of Jeremiah's prophecies, which, like the faded phoenix rose anew and fresh from the ashes. He was slain in 587.

The first blow of the threatened doom of Judah had fallen during the fourth year of his reign, the first tolling of the bell of judgment which should have summoned the very dead in sin to awake. But they gave no heed.

Jehoiachin, his son, ascended the throne, a bad, weak boy, utterly unfit to cope with the situation. His reign lasted only three months. Upon Jehoiachin descended the full force of the divine vengeance incurred by previous generations. He was scarcely on the throne when the Chaldean forces, which had been ravaging Judea, were joined by Nebuchadnezzar himself, and closed around Jerusalem, and Jehoiachin surrendered at discretion. The arm of Babylon raised to strike his father fell on him, and fulfilled the prophecy against Jehoiachin. "He shall have none to sit upon the throne of David." Jehoiachin was kept a prisoner in Babylon for 37 years and was then released.

This was the second blow of divine judgment, the beginning of the second captivity, when 10,000 people were carried captive to Babylon. Among them were the king's wives and officers, and 7,000 that were strong and apt for war, and 1,000 craftsmen; and a large part of the 5,400 vessels of gold and silver from the Temple and palaces. The policy of Nebuchadnezzar was to remove out of the way all those who might be able to organize a revolt when he and his army had departed. Such men it would have been dangerous to leave behind. It would seem as if all this would have been sufficient to prevail on the people to repent and be saved.

Zedekiah, the brother of Jehoiachin, was placed upon the throne by Nebuchadnezzar, a shadow king over a desperate band of men. During the first nine years of his reign the nation, instead of embracing the opportunity of repentance, plunged more deeply into folly. The dregs of the people, left behind in Jerusalem, laid this flattering unction to their souls:

"We have been spared by Jehovah, therefore we are righteous in his sight."

During a brief respite while Nebuchadnezzar left Jerusalem free while he fought the Egyptians Jeremiah went forth out of Jerusalem to go into the land of Benjamin. His home was at Anathoth in Benjamin, three or four miles north of the city. It was apparently to secure his share of the tithes and produce of the Levitical glebe of the village, due to him as one of its priests. Knowing that the Chaldeans would return, it was imperative that he should obtain the means of subsistence to take back into the city, so soon to be beleaguered afresh. Others think it was to secure himself in the possession of an inheritance.

There was a natural rush to get out of the city after so long a confinement. Jeremiah went with the others.

When Jeremiah was in the gate of Benjamin, the north gate of the city, that by which any one would go to the country of Benjamin which adjoined Jerusalem, a guard said: "Thou fallest away to the Chaldeans; you are trying to desert to the enemy."

Then said Jeremiah: "False! A He! I fall not a way to the Chaldeans." He was arrested by the guard, and brought to the princes, the officials of the government, who were with Jeremiah. He had compared them to rotten figs. He was the strongest and most resolute opponent of their war policy. But for him they would have had it all their own way.

Jeremiah was placed in a dungeon under the prison building. Jerusalem was honey-combed with subterranean cisterns, vaulted or arched overhead, and cabins, vaults, the subterranean, arched spaces of a cistern, containing water.

At last Zedekiah, the king, secretly took him out to inquire: "Is there any word from the Lord?" Jeremiah replied: "There is." The word was: "Thou shalt be delivered into the hand of the king of Babylon."

Missionary illustrations are abundant in modern times. Witness the four fold growth of the church in Madagascar as the result of the cruel persecutions in 1849 and the two decades following, when Christians were hung ever "the Rock of Hurling," a precipice of 150 feet, were burned to death, stoned, killed by boiling water or by poison. Witness the growth of the church in China after the fearful Boxer massacres of 1900.

And the heroism of the missionaries, so like that of the apostles of old, has elevated the whole missionary work throughout the world.

## FREEDOM FROM COLDS & HEADACHES

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and other ills, due to an inactive condition of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, may be obtained most pleasantly and most promptly by using Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. It is not a new and untried remedy, but is used by millions of well-informed families throughout the world to cleanse and strengthen the system whenever a laxative remedy is needed.

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BLACKMAILING MUST BE ART

Amateur Makes Mistake When He Seeks to Make Money in Such an Avocation.

Police Commissioner Waldo of New York was talking about blackmailers. "They are, as a rule, stupid," he said. "Their threatening letters are as ludicrous in their stupidity as a letter a friend of mine received the other day."

And Commissioner Waldo, with a laugh, produced the letter. Written in a large, boyish hand, it said: "Dear sir—Your window was broken by a bad bol wat throo it throo four times purpus. The ball belonged to me, but an enemy of mine sneaked it and did the deed to put the blame on me. I am sorry he did it, and that it have give you grate pain, and I have persecuted the perpetrator wot done it. But you would not have this innocent suffer for the gilty, so, if you drop this ball over the garden wall. If you don't beware!—(Signed) Innocent."

Resting Must Be a Business.

Will M. Ross, a well-known writer of Stevens Point, Wis., who is himself a cured consumptive, holds that unless resting becomes a business to the tuberculosis patient, he might as well give up his fight for health. "The period of infection with tuberculosis," he says, "is not a vacation. It is a twenty-four-hour-a-day job. True it is a period of idleness, but one of intelligent, directed idleness. The day's work should consist of rest; rest should be the only business on hand. The light exercise, or hour of reading, should be considered as the reward of a good day's work, like the evening of slipped ease to the tired business men at the end of the day. This recreation, however, should be considered only as an incidental result of the patient's work, not the main object."

A Distinction.

Mrs. Gaddy—There are some distinctions in life which are very puzzling to me.

Professor Fundit—Like what, for instance?

Mrs. Gaddy—When you write everything bad and mean in a man's life in a book for everybody to read, it is biography; but when you just tell the same things to a few people on a front porch, it's gossip.

Putting on Airs.

"Mrs. Flubber is a very superior person."

"Oh, very. You'd think she had been to a half dozen coronations."

People who marry for a joke must have a misfit sense of humor.

LUCKY MISTAKE.

Grocer Sent Pkg. of Postum and Opened the Eyes of the Family.

A lady writes from Brookline, Mass.: "A package of Postum was sent me one day by mistake."

"I notified the grocer, but finding that there was no coffee for breakfast next morning I prepared some of the Postum, following the directions very carefully."

"It was an immediate success in my family, and from that day we have used it constantly, parents and children, too—for my three rosy youngsters are allowed to drink it freely at breakfast and luncheon. They think it delicious, and I would have a mutiny on my hands should I omit the beloved beverage."

"My husband used to have a very delicate stomach while we were using coffee, but to our surprise his stomach has grown strong and entirely well since we got coffee and have been on Postum."

"Noting the good effects in my family I wrote to my sister, who was a coffee toper, and after much persuasion got her to try Postum."

"She was prejudiced against it at first, but when she presently found that all the ailments that coffee gave her left and she got well quickly she became and remains a thorough and enthusiastic Postum convert."

"Her nerves, which had become shattered by the use of coffee have grown healthy again, and today she is a new woman, thanks to Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich., and the "cause why" will be found in the great little book, "The Road to Wellville," which comes in packages.

Never read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.